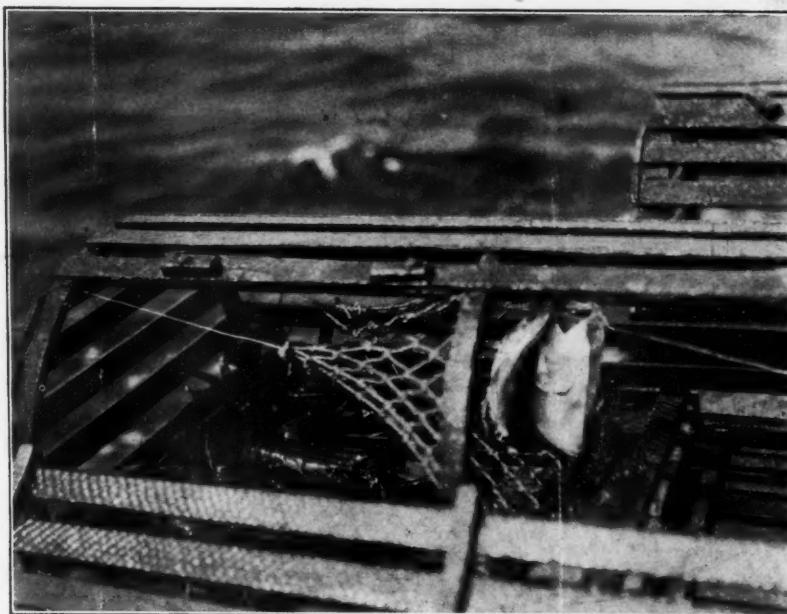


Registered U. S. Patent Office

VOL. VII

DECEMBER, 1926

No. 11

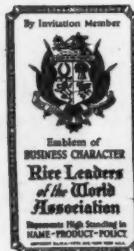


A Trap full of Lobsters

What a grand and glorious feeling to pull up the trap with Columbian *Tape-Marked* Pure Manila Buoy Line and find it full of lobsters. It is just as important to use the proper Twine and a great many Lobstermen are now knitting heads with

Columbian Lobster Twine

This twine is guaranteed, and you can't find a smoother, more serviceable Lobster Twine on the market. Be sure you specify Columbian when you order your new supply. It is furnished either plain or copperized. If your dealer doesn't handle it, write to



Columbian Rope Company

362-90 Genesee Street

Auburn, "The Cordage City" N. Y.

Branches:

New York Chicago Boston New Orleans

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Tough, snag-resisting uppers and bottoms, and smooth, comfortable inside finish make Firestone the logical fisherman's boot.



The Mark
of Quality

The Boot that Wears the Longest and Serves the Best—Is the Boot You Want to Buy!

You men who wear them constantly must have boots that are built sturdy and strong; to wear well—keep feet protected and yet be light enough to avoid being cumbersome. Firestone makes that kind of boot!

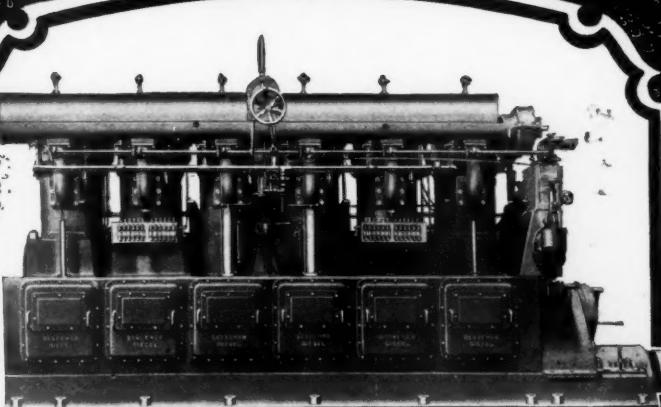
The Firestone organization has been

building quality products for twenty-six years and its rigid manufacturing standards insure you highest grade material and workmanship. Buy Firestones, known by "The Mark of Quality"...their cost is no greater than that of ordinary boots.

Firestone Footwear Company
Boston HUDSON, MASS. Chicago

Firestone

AMERICANS SHOULD PRODUCE THEIR OWN RUBBER *Harvey Firestone*



One Piece Valves

BESSEMER Diesels are built for *long wear* in every part. That is the reason that materials that go into Bessemer Diesels are the very best that man can produce, regardless of cost.

For instance, Bessemer valves are forged from *one piece* of metal. This eliminates warping and increases the efficiency and life of the valve. The intake valves are of E.W.P. Metal and the exhaust valves are of Silchrome Steel—each the very best for its particular work. This is the kind of construction that goes all the way through a Bessemer Diesel. Every part is overstrength to add extra years of service to Bessemer Diesel performance and this performance is being consistently proved in all types of marine service.

THE BESSEMER GAS ENGINE CO.
36 Lincoln Ave. :: Grove City, Pa.

BESSEMER
DIESEL ENGINES





Nesco Trawling Gear



GALLONS



LINK-BELT
CHAIN AND SPROCKETS

FAFNIR
BALL BEARINGS

WICKWIRE ROPE
FOR TOWING

These are Dependable Products for Power Drives
Standard Equipment on Nesco Installations

Inquiries may be addressed to the company
at Everett or to

JOHN CHISHOLM FISHERIES CO.
GLOUCESTER, MASS.

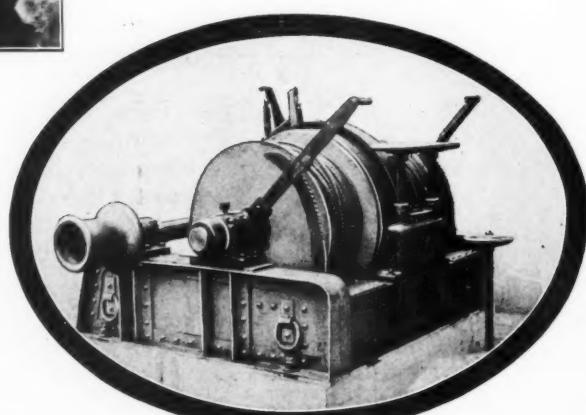
NEW ENGLAND STRUCTURAL PRODUCTS CO.

Tel. Everett 1851

EVERETT and GLOUCESTER, MASS.

Tel. Gloucester 59

"Everything from Flywheel to Cod End."



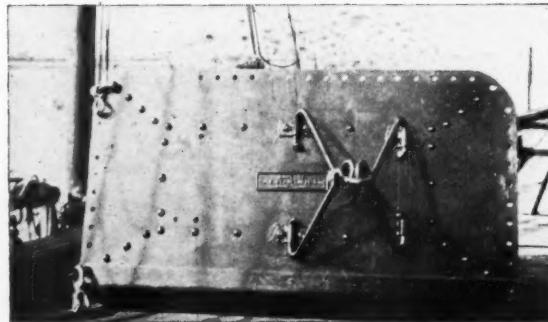
TRAWLING WINCHES



MARINE
LIGHTING PLANTS

Type E-30. 750 k. w.
complete with 16 cells

Type E-60. 1500 k. w.
complete with 16 cells



STEEL TRAWL DOORS

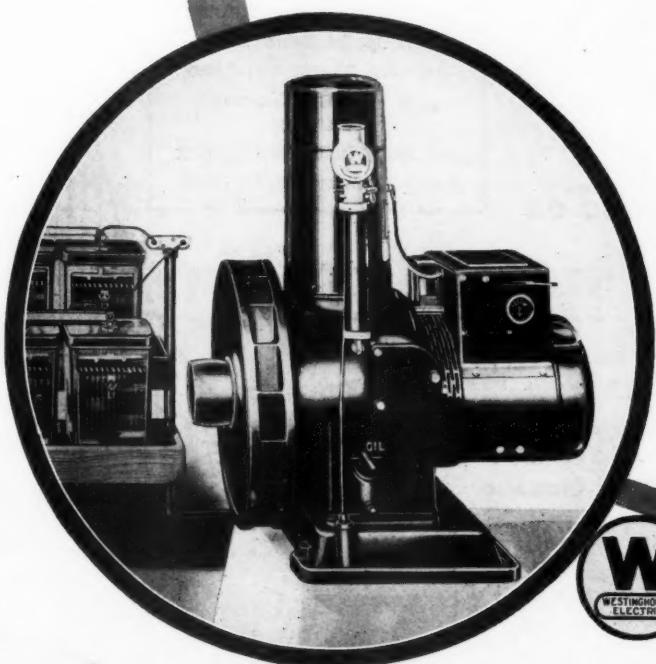
Making Fishing a SURER Thing

THE fishing industry is modernizing. Progressive fishermen are installing electricity in their vessels because of its tremendous advantages over older methods.

An electric light and power plant must be as nearly fool proof as possible. It must be dependable. The Westinghouse Marine Plant has a splendid record of Service behind it and is manufactured by one of the largest electrical companies in the world.

It is compact, self-starting, air-cooled, has large size batteries which cannot be overcharged, runs on kerosene or gasoline, and operates at slow speed. There are no meters or gauges to get out of order. It is guaranteed for one year, and is approved by Fire Underwriters.

Send the Coupon
for more information



Coupon

To New England
Structural Products Co.
Everett, Mass.

Gentlemen:

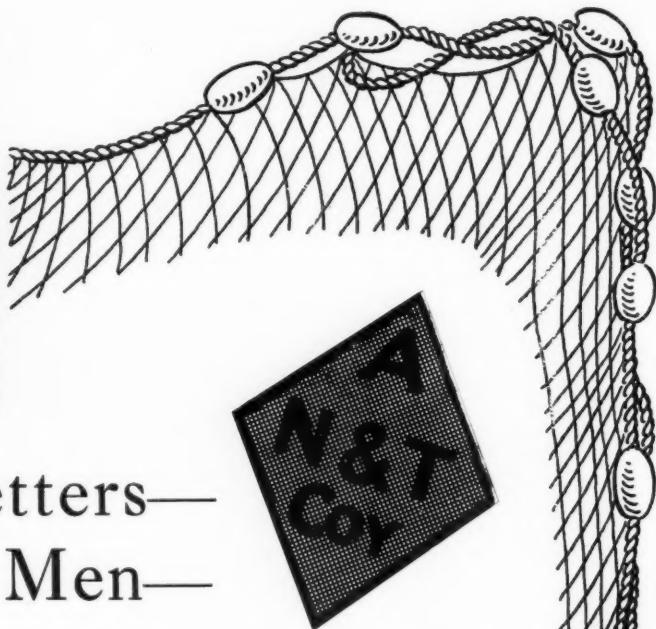
We are interested in the Westinghouse Marine Light and Power Plant. Please send us performance facts, and other information.

Name

Company

Address

Westinghouse
Electric Power Plants



Gill Netters— Trap Men—

Your guarantee of best-quality twine, knitted perfectly is the A.N. & T. Coy Tag.

You can depend on

The LINEN THREAD CO.

BOSTON
575 Atlantic Ave.

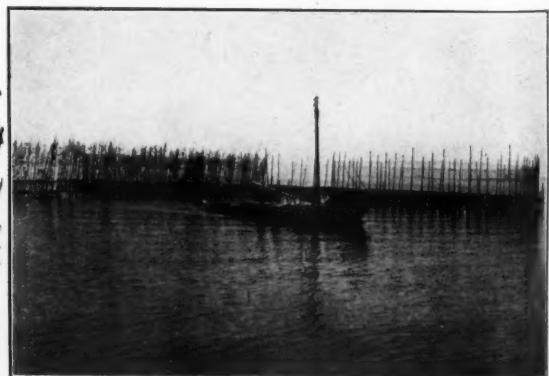
NEW YORK
96 Franklin St.
55 Fulton St.

GLOUCESTER
105 Maplewood Ave.

BALTIMORE
Johnson & Barney Sts.

SAN FRANCISCO CHICAGO

NETS—TWINES—FITTINGS
for All the Fisheries
Gold Medal Cotton Netting
Gold Medal Seine Twine
Burnham Tarred Cod Lines
A. N. & T. Coy Linen Gill
Netting
Sea Island Cotton Gill Netting
Hemp Flounder Trawl Netting



*Will
Not
Kink*



*Cannot
Unstrand*

Nebco BRAIDED MANILA Pot Warps

*"last longer than any rope used
for this purpose"*

7 Sheridan Road,
Swampscott, Mass.
July 7, 1926.

New Bedford Cordage Co.,
164 Federal St.,
Boston, Mass.

GENTLEMEN:
Last October I put NEBCO Braided Manila Pot Warp on one of my lobster pots and found it so much better than any rope I had previously used for this purpose that I decided to use it exclusively in the future.

In February of this year I fitted out all my pots with NEBCO Braided Manila Pot Warp and have never found a kink in any of my warps since then. Moreover, the warps are all in excellent condition now and will probably last longer than any rope I have ever used before.

I am thoroughly convinced that any lobster fisherman who gives NEBCO a trial will never want to use any other rope.

Very truly yours,
(Signed),
FRED N. PHILLIPS.

*Inquire of
your dealer
or send for
sample*



DEALERS! This line is worth pushing.
Get full information.

New Bedford
Cordage Co.

NEW BEDFORD CORDAGE CO.

ESTABLISHED 1842

General Offices
120 Broadway, New York.

Boston Office
164 Federal Street

MILLS—New Bedford, Mass.

Please send me a free sample of NEBCO.

..... 6 thread fine

..... 6 thread

..... 9 thread

.... "White" Manila Tarred Copper Clad
(Check size and kind you want)

Name

P. O. Address

I buy my rope from:

(Please give name and address of your dealer.)



This trade mark means
REAL TOWING WARP
 Not just wire rope

Wickwire-Spencer steel rope gives extra strength
 and extra life.
 Particularly suited to trawling service.

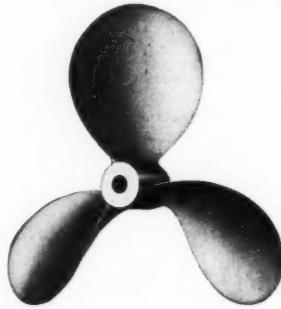
Wire Rope for Standing Rigging and All
 Marine Uses, Plain or Galvanized.

Stocks carried at Everett and Gloucester by
New England Structural Products Co.
 Distributors
The Wickwire Spencer Steel Company, Inc.
 Manufacturers
 New York Worcester Buffalo Detroit Chicago San Francisco

H Y D E

PROPELLERS

SPEED—
 EFFICIENCY—
 RELIABILITY



Every Hyde Propeller Is Guaranteed Against Breakage

*Write for Our Booklet "Propeller Efficiency"
 We will be glad to mail you a copy*

HYDE WINDLASS COMPANY
 BATH, MAINE



Built in Boston, Boston service. In construction this clutch is the simplest friction clutch made. The power is transmitted directly through two substantial flat disks. The disks and shafts are kept in line by heavy ball bearings, eliminating all bearing troubles.

By the use of this friction clutch the trawling gear is under perfect control at all times. It can be stopped and started under load.

Standard Equipment on Nesco Trawling Gear
KINNEY MANUFACTURING CO.
 3541 Washington Street
 BOSTON MASSACHUSETTS

WHITLOCK

PAT'D AUG. 3, 1926. REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

WATERFLEX

CORDAGE

Thoroughly water-resisting
 Permanently lubricated
 Easy to handle - wet or dry
 Does not swell, harden or kink
 Always remains flexible
 Lasts longer - Serves better
 Costs no more

Write for interesting folder

WHITLOCK CORDAGE CO.

46 South Street, New York
 226 State Street, Boston, Mass.



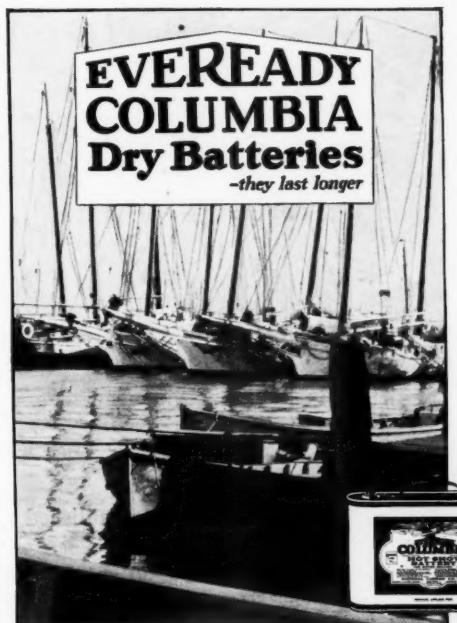
THE SEAL OF SAFETY on your family's health insurance

YOUR family's health is the most important thing in the world to you. Yet you alone cannot protect your family. The organized, community-wide and nation-wide anti-tuberculosis campaign is health insurance to protect you and your family. This organized campaign, financed by the sale of Christmas Seals, has helped to cut the tuberculosis death rate by more than half. Buy Christmas Seals. Buy as many as you can. Seal every holiday letter, every Christmas package, and every Greeting Card with these Seals of Safety, which are your family's health insurance.



THE NATIONAL, STATE AND LOCAL TUBERCULOSIS
ASSOCIATIONS OF THE UNITED STATES

Insist on storm-proof batteries



Eveready Columbia Hot Shot Batteries contain 4, 5 or 6 cells in a neat, water-proof steel case. It's not a "Hot Shot" unless it is an Eveready Columbia.



*1½ volts.
Fahnestock spring clip binding posts on the Eveready Columbia Ignitor at no extra cost.*

SKIPPER, for safety's sake, use Eveready Columbia Hot Shot Batteries. 6, 7½ or 9 volts, in a neat water-proof steel case with convenient handle. Water-proof—there's mighty important feature. This battery can actually be completely covered with water, yet it will go on firing the engine just the same. Don't take a chance with batteries that can be water-logged—be safe with the Eveready Columbia Hot Shot. There's an Eveready Columbia dealer in every port.

Manufactured and guaranteed by
NATIONAL CARBON COMPANY, INC.
New York San Francisco
Canadian National Carbon Co., Limited, Toronto, Ontario

Popular uses include—

gas engine ignition	heat regulators	electric clocks
telephone and telegraph	tractor ignition	calling Pullman porters
doorbells	starting Ford	firing blasts
buzzers	ringing burglar alarms	lighting tents and outbuildings
motor-boat ignition	protecting bank vaults	running toys



The Fisherman's Almanac

ATLANTIC FISHERMAN'S ALMANAC

for 1927

The handiest little book ever published for fishermen, giving tables of sunrise, sunset, moonrise, moonset, high water, and slack water for all fishing ports on the North and Middle Atlantic from Cape Breton Island south. Declinations of the sun are given for both the 60th and 75th meridians. The 1927 edition is just as complete for the Provinces as for the States.

Besides the almanac and tidal data, you will find a lot of interesting and valuable reading. Distances and bearings are given; several pages of poems by the fishermen's own poet, Joe Allen; pictures by Albert Cook Church; and a chance to win \$10 if you know fast-sailing American and Canadian fishing vessels. Also, another fisherman's cross word puzzle with pictures for framing as prizes to those who try to solve it.

This is the only almanac and tide book published primarily for fishermen, others being either for farmers or steamship masters.

Over 25,000 fishermen use the "Fisherman's Almanac"

Atlantic Fisher-
man, Inc.
62 Long Wharf,
Boston

I am sending herewith 25c for
which send me a copy of the 1927
Atlantic Fisherman's Almanac.

As the feller said, "If it's worth a cent it's
worth a dollar, but you can have it for a
quarter."

25c.

Postpaid. Send stamps or wrap your
money in a piece of paper and send
it at our risk.

Not A "Trade Paper"

The ATLANTIC FISHERMAN is a paper for fishermen—producers—the men who actually fish for a living. It does not purpose to cover the fish trades; nor does it wish to be looked upon as a "trade paper." Rather do we like to think of it as a home paper for fishermen.

Our first care is that its pages be readable, for we believe that matters of human interest and practical vocational help are more to be desired by our readers than stereotyped "trade notes" and dry-as-dust statistical matter.

We want it to be regarded as a steady and reliable source of information, profit and entertainment by that vast army of 150,000 workfolk which constitutes our field.

Atlantic Fisherman

A "FARM" JOURNAL FOR THE HARVESTERS OF THE SEA

Vol. VII. DECEMBER, 1926 No. 11

LEW A. CUMMINGS.....President

FRANK H. WOOD.....Managing Editor.

Published Monthly at
92 West Central Street, Manchester, N. H.

GENERAL AND EDITORIAL OFFICES:
62 LONG WHARF - BOSTON, MASSACHUSETTS

\$1.00 A Year 10 CENTS A COPY

Entered as Second Class Matter February
1925, at the Post Office at Manchester, N. H.
Under the act of March 3, 1879.

Fair Play

We believe that all the advertisements in this paper are trustworthy. As proof of our faith, we offer to make good to actual subscribers any loss sustained by trusting advertisers who prove to be deliberate swindlers.

However, we are not responsible for claims against individuals or firms adjudicated bankrupt, or where estates are in receivers hands, or against whom bankrupt or receivership proceedings are pending.

Nor shall we attempt to adjust trifling disputes between subscribers and honorable business men. This offer holds good for one month after the transaction causing the complaint.

To take advantage of this guarantee subscribers must always state in writing to or talking with any of our advertisers: "I saw your advertisement in ATLANTIC FISHERMAN."

A Movie of the Fisheries

EVERY once in so often the ATLANTIC FISHERMAN has taken out its hammer and knocked, in no off-hand manner, the Chambers of Commerce and similar organizations in fishing ports because of the lack of interest which these bodies have shown toward the fishing industry. The Gloucester chamber has come in for its share of criticism, but now it has at last accomplished something which can be one of the greatest services ever been done the fish business.

Due, largely at least, to the co-operation of the Gloucester chamber, through its retiring president, Mr. N. Carleton Phillips, and its manager, Larry Hart, Gloucester's part in the industry, including its men and vessels, are to be the basis of a feature moving picture to be produced and distributed by the Film Booking Office of America, Inc. John L. E. Pell, who has written the story for this picture, is the author of "Down to the Sea in Ships," which will be remembered as a wonderful illustration of New Bedford's whaling industry. Mr. Pell also wrote the historical arrangement of D. W. Griffith's "America," so there is no doubt as to the ability of the man responsible for the fishing picture.

From the public's viewpoint there is sufficient romance in the everyday life of any fisherman to make a picture which will rank with the greatest cinema productions, and Mr. Pell has spent months studying the fisheries in order that he might mould a drama that would clearly illustrate the living conditions and the work of you men who ply your trade on blue water. There will of course be a plot and a story to the picture so that it will not impress people as a strictly educational film, but throughout it will be realistic of all the phases of fish production.

Part of Mr. Pell's story has to do with the Fishermen's Races, and thousands of feet of film were used in taking photos of the recent series from rum chasers and a navy seaplane. The rest of the production will be made next May when the entire cast and the stars will be located in Gloucester a number of weeks.

The packing companies have offered their plants and have joined heartily with the Chamber of Commerce in enthusiastic support, and with the exploitation which the Film Booking Office intends to give the picture throughout the world

as one of its super-features of 1927, the industry will receive an inestimable amount of advertising of the very best kind. This business of telling the public it ought to eat fish because it is healthful is pretty narrow in the opinions of many very competent advertising men who are experienced in merchandising foodstuffs. Fish isn't medicine; it is a wholesome food which satisfies hunger and appeals to the palate, and when the public realizes this the purpose of advertising fish will have been accomplished, with an increase in the consumption of fish regardless of the goitre-curing and blood-pressure-reducing properties.

Publicity such as this movie and the Fishermen's Races focuses the attention of the public on the fishing industry by instilling in people's minds the valor and human effort which it costs to bring fish to their tables. The natural reaction, because of the curiosity in any normal person's makeup, is to find out what it is all about. Other fishery magazines maintain that the races do not cause people to eat fish. The ATLANTIC FISHERMAN maintains that they do for the same reason that summer folks come down to the wharves and ask foolish questions of fishermen, exclaiming, "Oh, my!", "Is that so?", "Honestly", "You don't mean it", etc., etc., at the answers, and then go uptown to the hotels and order fish dinners and say, "If we could only get fish like this back home."

We have asked numerous big advertising men for their ideas on spending a couple of hundred thousand dollars on advertising fish nationally as proposed by the U. S. Fisheries Association, and almost without exception they have said that a campaign of this size would be little better than nothing. Half a million is needed to make a dent if display advertising is to be the means. However, the small sum, small judged by modern standards of advertising, could be used for publicity such as stories, articles and pictures of the fisheries which would be welcomed by editors of magazines and newspapers everywhere because of the interest and romance which the fisheries hold for the public. This form of advertising would result in the same end. So will the movie.

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Lunenburg Bankers Harboring after the Season

Photo by Allen Fraser, Halifax

ATLANTIC FISHERMAN

"The Fisherman's Magazine"

The Only Publication Devoted Exclusively to the
Fishing Interests of the Atlantic Seaboard

Vol. VII.

DECEMBER, 1926

No. 11

The Nova Scotia Salt Fishery

LUNENBURG is the home of the largest off-shore fishing fleet in the Maritime Provinces and also the port of call of the largest salt banking fleet in the world.

The fishing season extends from the first of March to the end of September. During this time three trips are made by the fleet. They leave on the first, the early spring or frozen bait trip, about the tenth of March and return to port around the twentieth of April. After unloading their catches and refitting, they return to the Banks on their spring trip and remain there until the first of June. The third, or summer trip, follows immediately and lasts until the end of September, when, on the schooners returning home they are stripped and laid up for the winter. A small portion of the fleet have for the last two or three years been making a fall trip, sailing about the middle of October and remaining away until the end of November.

The evolution of the Lunenburg banking fleet to its present state of efficiency covers a period of over fifty years. Prior to 1870, the fleet, which at that time was composed of but four or five small schooners of about sixty tons, worked off the coast of Labrador. The men fished from the deck of

The style of the schooners employed has changed not only in size, but in beauty of design, and today the Lunenburg banker is a trim craft with graceful lines, averaging about one hundred and thirty-five tons.

Seven double dories are carried, with a crew of twenty including captain, cook, salter, header, throater, flunkey and fourteen dorymen. The salter attends to the proper stowing of the catch in the hold and occasionally takes his place in a dory, in the event of something having happened to one of the fishermen.

When the desired ground is reached and the anchor dropped, the dories are given their positions around the schooner. This is decided by lot. The first dory drawn operates off the port bow, the second off the starboard bow, the third off the starboard beam, the fourth off the starboard quarter, the fifth directly astern, the sixth off the port quarter, and the seventh off the port beam. They retain these positions so long as the schooner remains at anchor, which if the fishing is good, will be for two or three days, but as soon as the schooner's position is changed, the dories rotate, and the fishermen who were operating off the port bow are transferred to the starboard bow and so



Vessels Clearing from Lunenburg Harbor for the Spring Trip.



Smith & Rhuland's Yard at Lunenburg.

the schooners, and the method was known then as hand-lining. One or two of the more enterprising of the skippers had adopted a method of trawling referred to as hauling and setting, with a good deal of success.

One of the Lunenburg skippers, Captain Benjamin Anderson, the pioneer trawler and father of the bank fishery as it is carried on at the present time, observing these operations decided that some improvement could be made, and after experimentation he evolved the under-running method of trawling which is in operation today in the Lunenburg fleet. In the year 1871, he accordingly equipped a schooner, the *Dielytris* with dories and trawls, and instead of proceeding to the coast of Labrador as usual, he sailed for the Grand Bank of Newfoundland, where he spent the entire season. His operations were so successful that it was not long before others followed his lead, and year after year the fleet increased both in size and number, until the season just completed employed upwards of a hundred craft and two thousand men.

on all the way round. After the schooner has changed her position seven times, the dories would all be again operating from the places at which they started.

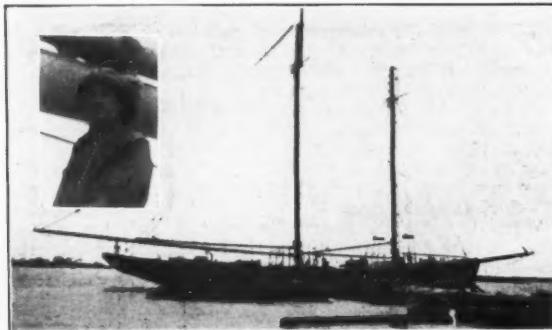
Each doryman has ten lines, from fifty-two to fifty-five fathoms in length, which are connected in a string twenty lines long. When set the trawl extends over a piece of water of approximately one mile, so that when a complete set has been made the trawls cover a circular expanse of water, having a radius of one mile with the schooner as the centre, an area of a little over three square miles. The hooks are attached to the lines by gangings three and one-half feet apart, making a total of eighteen hundred hooks on each trawl.

In fair weather, when there is sufficient bait available, four sets are made each day. The dories leave the schooner for the first set at four o'clock in the morning, and the fishermen continue at their labors until all the fish landed on the schooner from the dories have been properly dressed, cleaned and packed away in kecches in the hold. If the

fishing is at all good, there will be sufficient work to keep them busy, and it will be after midnight before they are at last able to turn in.

The Lunenburg fishing industry is carried on on a purely cooperative basis, and, to a great extent, it is to this that the industry owes its thriving condition. In the crews there are only three paid employees, the cook, the header and the throater. The two latter are young chaps, apprentices, fishermen in the making.

At the end of the season the vessel settles on the following basis: From the total gross stock is deducted the wages of the header and throater, bills for towing, a commission of two and one-half per cent which goes to the captain, all bills for bait, the curing of the fish landed, and the gauging of the oil. The remainder is divided equally between the owners of the schooner and the crew, each man sharing alike. From the owners' portion is deducted another two and one-half per cent for the captain, and all bills contracted in connection with the outfitting of the vessel, so that the schooner provides all the gear and all the supplies and



Capt. W. H. Conrad of Volger's Cove, and his vessel, the *Mary Ruth*, to the wheel of which he was lashed for hours in the gale of August 7. The vessel was anchored four miles from the ill-fated *Sylvia Mosher*, and was driven across the Northwest Bar. Very few ever come home after crossing the bar in a gale. The deck was washed clear and nine men and the captain were injured, one having since died.

provisions consumed during the season. From the crew's share is deducted the wages paid to the cook, and an amount of seven dollars per man which is paid over to the schooner's account for incidental expenses in connection with fitting for fishing and for the expenses of the hoisting engine. The captain and salter each receive one man's share, so that the net amount which goes to the crew is divided into sixteen equal portions, or a share for all hands except the cook, header, throater and funkey.

As in the Gloucester fleet, there are now comparatively few handliners out of Lunenburg. Those that continue to go in this way carry from fifteen to twenty-one dories, and of course there is only one man to a dory, who operates as many lines as he can successfully handle. The amount of the share he receives depends entirely on his own individual efforts. His share is computed according to count. Each man counts the number of fish he has been successful in catching, irrespective of size, and the man with the largest number of fish to his credit receives the largest amount from the proceeds. The remainder share in proportion according to their count. The gross returns from the fishing season of a handliner are dealt with in exactly the same manner as in the case of a trawler, but after the first division, the amounts paid out for expenses chargeable to the crew's portion are computed according to each man's count, the highliner paying the largest share.

There is still keen rivalry among handliners, and some of the old-timers at this business have taken unbelievable counts. The editor would like to receive the records of highline Lunenburg handliners to compare with Captain John Mesquita's, the man who was never beaten on a handline trip out of Gloucester. Send 'em in.

Most of the schooners employed in the industry are built in the shipyards at Lunenburg. They cost at the present time in the vicinity of eighteen thousand dollars for the hull and spars. The additional cost for rigging and fitting them for sea amounts to about five or six thousand dollars.

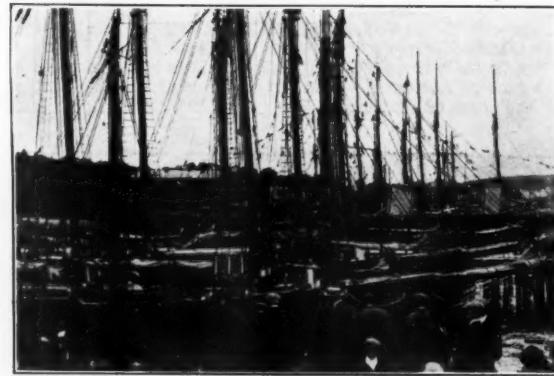
Each schooner is divided into sixty-four shares, and while there are a number of individuals and firms who own as many as sixty-four shares, there is not a vessel operated in the fleet which is owned entirely by one person or firm. The shares are disposed of among the townspeople and the fishermen of the fleet, and, as quite a large portion of a schooner is owned by the master and crew who operate her, a big percentage of the shares of the fishing fleet are thus under the direct control of the actual fishermen. This tends towards a greater spirit of cooperation between the owners and men, and is an added incentive to the men themselves to ply their calling in the most efficient and enthusiastic manner, as, from a successful trip, they receive not only their crew's share, but if they are shareholders, they also come in for their portion of any profits which the schooner, through their efforts, may have made. The industry, therefore, has little or no friction.

LUNENBURG'S 1926 SEASON.

Lunenburg County has had one of the most successful years in its history as far as the fishing industry is concerned. While the year has been a banner one so far as size of catches go the price of fish has been lower and may not be beneficial financially to the fishermen, especially those who have suffered heavily from loss of gear through the storms that swept the coast during the season.

The catches for the past five years have been as follows:

Year	Number of Vessels	Catches (Quintals, 112 lbs.)
1921	93	264,275
1922	99	312,075
1923	80	194,600
1924	64	170,850
1925	76	256,975
1926	92	342,730



A labyrinth of masts at the Lunenburg wharves.

The season's catch was 342,730 quintal with 92 vessels engaged in the industry, sixteen more than last year. Since 1924 there has been a steady increase in the catch, but this year it is valued at \$1,800,000 about \$100,000 less than 1925. The highliner for the season was the schooner *Mayotte*, Captain George Himmelman, with 5,450 quintals, followed by the *Maxwell Corkum*, Captain Leo Corkum, 5,450 quintals. It is expected that several new vessels built this year will be added to the fleet for the season of 1927.

Vessels and catches for the season are as follows:—

Vessel	Captains	Frozen			Total
		Baiting	Spring	Summer	
<i>Alachua</i> , Wentzell	250	250
<i>Andrava</i> , Kniekle	700	1000	2600	4300
<i>Alsatian</i> , Corkum	500	750	2200	3450
<i>Autauga</i> , Parks	900	700	2700	4300
<i>Alicante</i> , Romkey	2700	2700
<i>Ruth Adams</i> , Kniekle	700	900	2200	3800
<i>Dorothy Adams</i> , Mosher	800	900	1800	3500
<i>C. A. Anderson</i> , Kniekle	600	500	2250	3350
<i>Bluenose</i> , Walters	800	200	2800	3800
<i>Grace P. Brown</i> , Kniekle	800	750	2400	3950

(Continued on Page 20)

"Beach Eeling" on Martha's Vineyard

By Joseph C. Allen

SETTING beach eel pots" is an expression which is seldom heard nowadays, where once it was very common, especially at this time of year. For it is sometime between the middle of October and the middle or last of December that the great eel run occurs in the ponds which are open to the sea.

The cause of this run is a matter much discussed by scientists and no basis of agreement has ever yet been reached. Each faction declares the other to be entirely wrong, and while it would naturally be supposed that the scientific gentlemen know what they are talking about, the laymen who may observe the proofs offered by fishermen will invariably take their side of the argument.

In the case of the Vineyard ponds an opening is cut through the beach in the early spring. Through this opening come the herring, smelts and eels, and many other specimens of sea life, seeking fresh water. In the case of the herring, they come to spawn, and fishermen maintain that the eels come for the same purpose.

These eels are not the dark-colored variety with yellow undersides, but are larger and silvery in color. Their heads, too, are shaped differently. The opening in the beach soon closes, and remains closed during the summer and fall months while the ponds rise with the fall rains. With the first white-frost these silver eels become restless. Unlike their yellow-bellied brethren, they do not care to hibernate in the mud during the winter months, but seek an escape to the sea through the opening in the beach where they entered the pond. On dark, stormy nights these eels will crowd around the vicinity of the former opening, and it is said that many will wriggle across the dry sand to the ocean, where the beach is narrow. Many do not escape, however, for the eel potter has prepared for this. These eels, which are sometimes called "eshaws", can not ordinarily be attracted by bait of any kind, but in their mad de-

A few hours' soaking, however, limbers them up and they become so tough that it is well-nigh impossible to break them.

Besides the pot there must be four long heavy stakes, similar to fence posts, and also several yards of eel wares or weirs. These last consist, as a rule, of hard pine slats, a trifle larger than the slats of the pot, sharpened at one end and smoothed just a trifle, which are held together at intervals of about half an inch by means of a rope lacing which grips each stick a few inches from the top and a foot or more from the lower end. It resembles a section of very fine picket fence and is usually rolled up like a rug for handling.



Eel Pots Drying on the Marsh by the Side of West Tisbury Great Pond, where they are set.

The method of setting the pot, as it is done in West Tisbury Great Pond, is as follows:

The fisherman wades into the pond at a point near the ocean, until the water is sufficiently deep to cover the pot. He is provided with a large hoe, and a "beetle" or tremendously heavy wooden mallet. A hollow bed is scraped in the sand to hold the pot, which is then laid in place, with the funnel end pointing toward the beach, and secured by driving the four stakes, two on either side near the ends, each pair crossing over the pot in the form of the letter X. These stakes must be driven through the sand and far into the clay or mud beneath, in order to hold.

A trench is then scraped down to the clay bottom, from the funnel of the pot to the beach, and a single row of the "wares" driven into the clay about ten inches. The sand is then scraped back and leveled off. Two shorter strings or rows are then driven, running from the outside of the funnel, on either side of the main string, and forming with it a figure resembling a spear head, with the pot at the point. The pot is now ready to "fish".

A number of such pots will be set by the fisherman on the approach of dark or frosty nights. After the gear is once in, it is not necessary to remove anything but the pot, which can be done without disturbing the stakes.

As the eels travel along the beach, seeking the opening through which they came, they encounter the "wares", and following them offshore in order to pass around them, are guided into the pot, from which there is no escape. The mass of eels which travels in this manner may be judged from the statement of a veteran eeler, that he had hauled his pots as many as five times in a single night, when weather conditions were favorable for eeling, and found them solid full each time!

In hauling the pots the fisherman wears "body boots", which are really a combination of boots, trousers and coat, without sleeves, all in one piece and of heavy waterproof material, similar to a diving dress. This is necessary, partly because of the sea, which is likely to be running in the pond and because the water is rising all through the beach potting season.

He rows or tows a boat with him in which he carries a

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George W. Manter, veteran fisherman and eeler, standing beside a pot. The method of construction may be seen, also a string of "wares" at the left. Mr. Manter is over six feet tall, giving some idea of the size of the pots.

sire to escape from the ponds they pay little attention to where they go or what they do. The beach pot, then, is set for them in a way which makes their capture a certainty.

The most popular, though old-fashioned, pot resembles a basket which is shaped exactly like a round bottle. It is made of oak slats, of the size of a man's thumb, running from end to end and laced to four inside hoops with the twisted shreds of pine roots. The pot is large enough to hold a fair-sized man, measuring around six feet in length and 20 inches in diameter except at the "neck", which is probably not over six inches across at the opening. Two funnels of the same material as the pot are laced in, one at the large end and the other about two feet inside of the pot. The neck is closed with a wooden plug, which is held securely in place with a wooden key. A short warp is attached to the pot and it is ready for business.

Before these pots are handled very much they must be soaked, as the pine root lacings become so dry and brittle otherwise as to snap like uncooked macaroni when moved.

Liverpool Jarge

BY HALLIDAY WITHERSPOON.

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YARN VI

I HAD dropped in to the Bell in Hand for a late and frugal luncheon and found John Savage Shaghellion seated at his customary table in the back room, his be-whiskered visage in total eclipse behind a three weeks' old copy of a morning paper. He was reading with apparent absorption, but a close observer might have noted occasional glances over the top of the paper or around it. By which tokens I knew well that John had been sitting in his corner for at least an hour on the strength of buying one half-mug of ale. Also that he was, at the moment, engaged in the mildly exciting occupation of avoiding the eye of the pot-boy while holding himself keenly on the alert to catch the attention of any acquaintance who might enter. He caught mine, heaved a sigh of relief, and tossed the paper aside as I took the empty seat.

"Make mine a half with a dash," he instructed the waiter, "and a bit of the cheese." I picked up the soiled and tattered journal and noted the date.

"Kind of an old one," I said. "News must be stale."

"Newspapers," said Shaghellion judgmentally, "never gets stale. Seems to me how a paper needs a couple of months to ripen like a cheese, before they gets really good. Now take this one here. I been readin' how a bloke up on Huntington Avenue tried to dig the powder out of a bomb and gets blown through a door into a party of deaf and dummies. And very good readin' it is, too. It shows that a body that fools with somethin' they don't know hardly nothin' about is goin' to get himself in trouble sooner or later."

The refreshments having arrived, John applied himself wholeheartedly to the cheese and the ale, forgetting conversation for the moment. Having finished both food and drink he beckoned to the waiter.

"Take away the plate," he said, "and the mug."

"Bring back the mug full," I suggested.

Shaghellion shot me a grateful glance.

"As I was sayin'," he remarked, "them that monkeys with things they don't know about, gets into trouble. Like Liverpool Jarge did when he tried to learn hypnotism. May be you'd like to know about it. Maybe you'd like to write a piece about it."

"Well, it happens once that me and Jarge and Jemmy Dutch ships on the old Morning Star out of Liverpool for Buenos Ayres: and the night before we sails we're prowlin' around with nothin' to do, very sober, me and Jemmy being stony broke and Jarge very stingy, but with a lot of coin sewed into the top of his trousies, where he couldn't get it, nor nobody else, and we goes into the Sailor's Haven. There's a very brainy lookin' cove there who don't know much, that's pitchin' a lecture for the sailors, and seein' it's free we all go in. This lad says how it's every sailor's duty to take a lot of books to sea and read and study on his watch below. He seems to think a sailor don't have nothin' to do aboard ship. I rather fancy if he'd sailed under some mates I could name he'd be glad to tumble into his bunk when he got a chance; but he don't see it that way, and says any steady man can learn navigation and come to be master if he wants.

"When we got out Jarge was very excited, and says he's goin' to get some books, and maybe he can get his papers and be master of a Cunarder in three or four months' time if he works hard. It didn't sound reasonable seein' as how Jarge couldn't hardly read at all, barrin' coarse print and he made very heavy weather of anythin' with figures into it. But he told us to stow our gab and we all went into a second-hand book shop. The man didn't have no books

about navigation, and he said if he did they would cost the amazin' sum of ten pounds, but he said how he had somethin' just as good and showed us a book for two bob about hypnotism and how to learn it.

"Jarge was very much taken with that and said as how it would be just as good as being master if he could learn to hypnotize the old man and make him do as he wanted, so he took it. And while we was there Jemmy found a half crown he'd overlooked and bought a book about an old-fashioned blighter named King Arthur with a raft of pictures into it of ladies and knights and such.

"Well, when we gets to sea Jarge spends pretty much all of his time on his book. He spells out every word careful, sayin' it out loud, and me and Jemmy bein' in the same watch takes a trick at the readin' to help out. Jemmy hadn't any forehead to speak of, but he was an uncommon good reader. It was a gift with him. This hypnotism book was a work of art if I do say it. Jarge fair went mad over it. It told all about how you had to learn to make your eye wide and starin', and then you glare at the feller you want to get and wave your hands in front of him or maybe stroke his head until he goes to sleep and does what you tell him.

"First and last Jarge tries it on everybody in our watch, but he couldn't seem to make it go. Fact is he got himself disliked on account of it from the beginnin'. First one Jarge worked on was old Nut Larson, a tough old bird as ever was. Jarge got Nut to set on a bucket while he stroked his head, but Jarge's thumbs was like a shark's belly, and he raises a welt the first try like a cat had scratched Nut. Nut riz up directly and hit Jarge with a bucket and knocked a tooth out and wanted to know if Jarge was tryin' to kill him.

"After that a Portuguese named Miguel thought Jarge was tryin' to put the evil eye on him, and said he'd knife Jarge if he didn't lay off starin' at him. About the only one he made a go of it with was a prentice boy that was weak in his head and said he admired to have Jarge wave his hands front of him and found it very soothin'. But even him Jarge couldn't get to do things.

"You'd say Jarge would get discouraged. But he didn't. He was the kind of a man that gets an idea into his nob, and you can't get it out with a blubber spade and a block and tackle. So one day Jarge happens to be goin' aft for somethin' and he meets Bull Taylor the skipper. Jarge is thinkin' of somethin' else, and he stops and gives old Bull the hypnotizin' stare. Butt don't say nothin', but he stares back. Jarge takes a step forrad and glares hard and Bull is so surprised that he glares back. Then it flashes across Jarge that he'd got the old man goin', and he takes a frightful chance. He waves his hands in front of Bull's face, and grabs a couple of handfuls of nothin' and throws them back at Bull and says:

"'Alagazoo, Zip, Bang. You're asleep,' he says. 'You can't move.'

"The hell I can't!" says Bull, very cross. And with that he fetches Jarge a cuff under the chops that knocks him clean across the deck, and he has to be carried below. That night Jarge heaves his book overboard but he keeps on gabbin' about the art and says how he rather believed it could be learned if he went at it right. He thought it might help to have a black ring tattooed around the eye and planned to have it done.

"After Jarge's book went by the board we all turned to on Jemmy's. I didn't fancy it much. Nor did Jarge. But Jemmy was very keen on it, and read it as much as a dozen



times, all about knights and fights and how kings acted and what they said and the scandalous amount of hard liquor they drank. After a bit he got so he knows more about King Arthur than the man what wrote the book.

"We made it back to Liverpool in about five months or so and says we would stop ashore a bit, and took lodgin' in Birkenhead. No sooner had we got settled down snug and comfortable the very first evenin' than Jarge begins to talk hypnotizin' again, and says how he rather thinks it could be done if it was tried on dry land, and how he thinks there must be somethin' rather bad for the art bein' tried on deep water. Jemmy says he thinks not. And Jarge says yes. Then Jemmy says he's willin' Jarge shall try it on him, but for him not to stroke his head, rememberin' what happened to Nut Larson. So Jemmy sets himself down in the big chair and Jarge glares at him horrible and makes passes in front of his mug. He keeps it steady for about fifteen minutes, and then, by Cripes, Jemmy shuts his eyes and his head drops down on his chest. Jarge gets very excited.

" 'I've got him,' he whispers, 'I've got him.'

"So he lifts Jemmy's head up gentle and presses his thumb easy between his eyes, and says:

" 'You're asleep. You can't open your eyes.'

"Jemmy never moved, and Jarge is fair balmy with excitement. He makes some more passes and claps his hands sudden and says:

" 'You're King Arthur.'

"With that Jemmy lifts up his head and looks around him slow but bold and gets rather horty as you might say, and he gets up slow and folds his arms and scowls out from under his eyebrows.

" 'Oddsbodykins,' says he very crisp, 'marry come up and strike me bloody well pink,' and he points very royal to where there was an extra blanket layin' on the bed.

" 'Base varlet,' says he to Jarge, 'bring me yon purple cloak.'

"Jarge hops across the room quick and gets the blanket and puts it around Jemmy's shoulders. Jemmy stands for a second and shoots out his hand with his finger pointin' to the mantle where there was a little old wicker basket with some pipes and a plug of shag into it.

" 'Kattif,' says Jemmy, 'foul swab,' he says 'me crown.'

"Jarge gets the basket and Jemmy sets it on his nob. Then he turns on Jarge very savage and says:

" 'Begone,' says he, 'out of me sight.'

"And Jarge slips over to where I am and stands very meek and Jemmy sets down in the big chair. Jarge is fair bustin'.

" 'I got him,' he whispers, 'I got him.'

"I couldn't see where the advantage was makin' Jemmy think he was king, but I said nothin'. Presently Jemmy looks around him very cocky and roars out:

" 'Slave!'

"Jarge comes a runnin' and says meek and humble:

" 'Aye, aye, your majesty.'

"Jemmy looks at him like he'd never see him before and snaps out:

" 'Ha, vilyen,' he says, 'I thirst. Fetch me a flagon of nut-brown ale. And be quick about it,' says he, 'or I'll give you a bash in the eye!'

"Jarge takes the jug out of the basin on the wash-hand stand and goes out, but not lookin' pleased. While he is gone Jemmy sets with his chin in his hand and mutters to himself:

" 'A horse,' he says, 'My kingdom for a horse. Me duckets,' says he, 'me duckets and me daughter.'

"That was some stuff me and him heard once in a rotten theayter in London. When Jarge comes back Jemmy snatches the jug from him and empties it at one swig, and there must have been a quart of the beer. Then he heaves the jug on the floor and hollars:

" 'More, more, by me halidome,' he says, 'we'll be merry this night if it busts the royal treasury. Another flagon,' says he, 'and look alive.'

"You could see that Jarge didn't like that at all and he moves rather slow and Jemmy jumps up and lets go a very kingish roar that fair makes the winders rattle, and Jarge grabs the jug and went. When he comes back Jemmy snatches the jug again and tells Jarge to begone and sets down to drink takin' his time. Jarge slinks over side of me."

"This has gone far enough,' he says, dismal.

" 'Why don't you bring him out of it?' says I.

" 'I will,' says Jarge. 'I got to. I've spent a shillin'

now for beer and that's too much. Danged if I'll let go another farthin'. I'd like to go on with it, he says, 'but this king business is too bloody expensive.'

"After a bit Jemmy finishes off the beer and sets thinkin' and mutterin' to himself about some barmaid named Genevieve, and when he gets fairly quiet, Jarge sneaks over and gives him a little slap on the forehead, and says, 'Alagazzo, Zip, Bang. Come out of it. You're Jemmy Dutch.'

"Well, sir, it didn't work. Jemmy rares up and comes up all standin' and fair bellers:

" 'Wot ho, the guard,' he says, 'away with him. Sir Gallivan,' says he speakin' to me, 'away with this bold feller to demijohn keep. Heave him in the lazarette, and put double irons onto him.'

"So to humor him I takes Jarge and shuts him in the closet.

" 'This is awful,' says Jarge, 'we'll have to let him sleep it off but king or no king,' says he very firm, 'I'll be keel-hauled if I go out for more beer.'

"It turns out he don't have to. After a bit Jemmy yawns and stretches and yells 'Slave' and Jarge comes out.

" 'Sir Gallivan,' says Jemmy to me, 'our royal person is sore weary. I think I'll call it a day and turn in.'

"He locks the door and puts the key in his pocket.

" 'Base varlet,' says he to Jarge, 'Sleep yonder on the door-mat and guard the portal well,' he says, 'or, by me faith, I'll bust your blasted cut-water.'

"So Jarge lays down front of the door and me on the sofa and Jemmy hangs his crown on the bedpost and lays down with all his clothes on. Just as I am reachin' up to dose the glim, Jemmy thinks of somethin' else and hops up.

" 'Oddzoons,' he says, 'the royal treasury!'

"And he goes down in his poke and puts eight or ten sovereigns on the mantle-piece.

" 'Yours with it,' he says to Jarge, very sharp.

"Then there was a ruckus. Jarge says he'll be damned if he'll put his money there, and Jemmy gets the poker from the grate and says he'll brain him if he don't. I got a chance to whisper to Jarge and says how it's safe as he's sleepin' by the door, and I'll do the same, and everythin' will be all right in the mornin'. So Jarge chips in about ten sovs and I did too.

"After Jarge and Jemmy got to snorin' I got up and got mine and maybe one or two of Jarge's to be safe, and went back and slept hard. Next mornin' I waked up with Jarge shakin' me and yellin' like mad. Jemmy was gone. He hadn't gone by the door. It was still locked and Jarge had slept front of it. We was up three pairs of stairs and it didn't seem he could have gone by the winder until he noticed a spout close by. Jemmy could always climb like a monkey and he'd gone down the spout and we never seen him after.

"Jarge raved like a lunatic over losin' the money and had to unsew the top of his trousses to get cojn to carry on with. Then he took to worryin' how Jemmy might be wanderin' around Liverpool still thinkin' he was King Arthur. The whole thing seemed to get on his mind. But he kept on talkin' about hypnotizin' just the same. Havin' worked it on Jemmy he seems to think he's got to go further. He begged to try it on me, but I said no.

"Then one day he stepped into the landlady's settin' room who was a grass widder, and asked her polite if she would let him hypnotize her. She screamed and run out in the passage where I was and threw her arms around my neck and said for me to save her from that monster. She was very much upset and said how she was poor, unprotected woman, but the Lord knew her soul was pure and nobody lived that could say anythin' against her morals. It took me the best part of an hour to right things and show her that Jarge didn't mean no harm.

"He tries to get some of the other lodgers to let him try it on them, but they acted suspicious and wouldn't so he winds up tryin' to hypnotize himself. He'd stand for hours very ridiculous front of the lookin' glass and stare and wave his hands. And, by the whiskers of Neptune, after about a week of it he got results. All of a sudden he turned very queer. He went around in a kind of a daze and kept boppin' into things. Then I noticed when I'd tell him to do a thing, no matter what, he'd do it.

"Once we was in a pub and Jarge had a pint of bitter in his hand and I told him to drop it and he did. Another time it was his pipe, one he was very fond of, but he dropped it too. I'd tell him to lay down and he would, and

once I said for him to stand on his head, and he tried. He'd do anythin' anybody told him. One mornin' he woke up and said how he was feelin' rather ill. His face was ghastly white and his head hot, so I went out and got a doctor. The sawbones looked knowin' and asked how much money Jarge had and when he found out said he'd have to go to the hospital. And Jarge said all right, which showed he was off his chump, because he'd never have parted with two pound a week in his right senses. They took him away and said I could come to see him at the Victoria on Tuesday. I went.

"Jarge was layin' in a nice white bed and I says gentle and comfortin' like:

" 'Jarge,' I says, 'you're lookin' rotten. I don't believe you'll weather this.'

"John, says he, 'I'm very bad. I don't think I'll live.'

"But the nurse busts in and says:

" 'Nonsense,' says she, 'Jarge is much better, aren't you Jarge? You'll be up tomorrow.'

"Yes, mam,' says he, 'much better. I think I'll get up now.'

"She puts him on the head, and says he had better have a chunk of ice to suck to keep his mouth cool, and she gives him a lump about the size of a goose egg, out of a bowl that was there, and went out. Just then in comes the doctor, a cheerful little man, and says:

"Ha, lookin' bad again. Feelin' a bit off today. What?"

"Jarge nods his head."

"We'll take your temperature," says the doc. And he gets out a little glass and he gives it a snap, very thefty, and sticks it in Jarge's mouth along side the ice. After about a minute he takes it out and holds it up to the light.

"Good Gawd," he says, "me good man, you're dead."

"Am I?" says Jarge.

"If this glass is right," says the doc, "you most assuredly are. Not only that," he says, "but you're froze to death."

"Aye, aye, sir," says Jarge, "very well, sir."

"And with that he gives a little shiver and shut his eyes and never opened 'em again. They took him away to the medical school the next day to dissect his brain to find out what was the matter. I heard after that they didn't find nothin' wrong there, bein' nothin' inside the skull to work on, but likely that was a lie.

"Anyhow the whole thing showed what I just said, that them that monkeys with what they don't know about gets into trouble, and I'll have a full mug this time and a double order of the cheese."

(*Yarn VII will appear in January*)

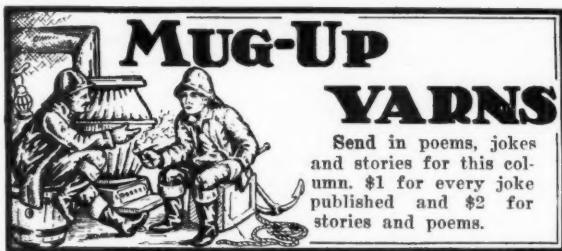
"Beach Eeling" on Martha's Vineyard

(Continued from Page 15)

lantern or two and many bags made of fine-meshed net with draw strings at the top. They hold about a bushel each. When the neck of the pot is raised, the plug or stopper is removed, a bag placed over the opening and filled with the squirming catch. This is repeated until the pot is empty. Heavy crates are provided to hold the eels, for they are usually held for Christmas, when the Jewish people of New York City gladly pay a very good price for them. While being held awaiting shipment, the crates or ears of eels are anchored far up in the head of some cove, which is warmed by brooks or springs.

A peculiar thing about the silver or eshaw eel is that it never loses weight while being held in the ear.

Scientists claim that the eshaw is really the mature pond eel, and that it seeks the sea to spawn, traveling far south to the Sargasso Sea, where, diving deep, the spawn and life is crushed from the body of the eel by the pressure of the water. The fishermen scoff at this idea and assert that there are at least two distinct species of eel in the ponds, both of which spawn in the head waters of the coves. In proof of this they point to the presence in these coves of millions of tiny eels which appear each spring, ranging from half an inch to ten inches in length. It seems impossible that these tiny creatures could have traveled hundreds, perhaps thousands of miles to reach the fresh water ponds and the fishermen don't believe that they do.



Send in poems, jokes
and stories for this col-
umn. \$1 for every joke
published and \$2 for
stories and poems.

The Old-Timer Speaks of Eels

JOSEPH CHASE ALLEN.

"Whut's that you've got? An eel? You make me laff, Savin' a thing like that! He'd done fer bait, If he wuz bigger melbe, by a haaf, When I wuz fishin'—Here, I'll tell you mate!"

"Eels—I hev ketched 'em, twenty pound er more, Twuz common, never mentioned such a haul! The biggest one? Waal, I don't know fer shore, You see I wuzzent rigged to save him all!"

"Jest clear the rocks, I wuz, out after seup,
And ketched this eel, he wuz a lively cuss.
I thought I'd never get my riggin' up
He kicked up seach a dev'lsh lot of fuss.

"His hed wuz most oncommon large I thought,
But shucks, I didn't bother much with that,
I hauled it crost the gunnel to a thawt,
Picked up the gaff and give him one good bat.

"Then started easin' him aerost the rail;
The eels in them days waant exactly light.
But purty soon, by gosh, I hed ter bail!
My boat was loaded, and no end in sight!

"I chopped him off. Twuz too darned hard to tow,
The biggest eel I ever caught, I guess,
But just how long he wuz, why, I don't know.
I saved about five fathoms, more er less!

"Whut's that? You doubt it? That's the way with you Young fellers now-adays. Don't hev no respect Fer men growed old 'fore you wuz born, that knew And seen things that you never would suspect!"

THE ways of the fish in the sea and the birds of the air are varied and strange yet many will say that there can be nothing to the following tale but coincidence. A boy had fallen from a rowboat into the Kennebec River one afternoon and drowned. The following morning a number of persons in rowboats were making every endeavor to recover the body without success.

"Now I saw this," said a veteran fisherman. "The sea-gulls were wheelin' an' screechin' overhead. I was a sittin' on the shore watchin' 'em when I saw one swoop down to the water, grab a fish an' rise with it, then drop it. Again I saw him do the same thing—drop down, catch a fish, rise and then drop it.

"When he did the same trick the third time it all came to me like it was only yesterday. I remembered then that my old grandfather had always said that anytime you saw a seagull rise with a fish an' drop it three times, you would find a drowned person's body. I jumped into my dory an' rowed off to where I had seen this gull perform his strange stunt, an' a few minutes later some men I called grappled for an' caught the body of the drowned boy! I'm not superstitious but I saw that with my own eyes right here on the Kennebec."



Bay of Fundy

Activities

By M. E. McNULTY.

PROBABLY nothing in many years has so aroused the fishermen of the Bay of Fundy, chiefly those owning weirs, as the controversies raging around the collapse of the \$10 per hogshead minimum price regulation on sardines.

It is claimed by one faction of the weir owners that the primary cause of the collapse of the fixed minimum figure was due to the activities of political partisans. It is charged that had it not been for the interference of the politicians, the minimum price would have remained in force. Just another law minus the enforcement, like the prohibitory law, it is contended.

When the law was passed, it was agreed by all interested, from the angle of the Canadian sardine fishing and packing industry that it would be a wonderful boon. The establishing of the minimum price of \$10 per hogshead was for export only. The Canadian packers could buy at whatever figures they desired to pay. From the view point of the weir owners it was highly beneficial as it would eliminate the price cutting warfare that had created an unstable market for the sardines at the United States canning plants along the Maine, New Hampshire and Massachusetts seaboard.

The proponents of the minimum price held a number of general meetings which were addressed by leading advocates of the movement. Finally, the overwhelming sentiment of the weir owners manifested itself in favor of the \$10 per hogshead rule. The Canadian department of marine and fisheries in response to the demand of the majority of the weir owners and the packers, announced the establishing of the minimum price stipulated. It was also announced that provision was made in the law for penalties following violations.

During 1924 and 1925, conditions were far from favorable for the weir owners. The demand for sardines was not as big as had been enthusiastically predicted by the advocates of the \$10 per hogshead. Some of the weir owners started to sell their sardines at less than the established price—secretly, of course. It was not until 1926, with sardines plentiful and the demand poor, that the violations of the law became open. A demand was made on the Canadian government to enforce the law, but nothing tangible followed. It is asserted that while the government made open threats to prosecute the violators, certain politicians guaranteed protection against prosecution, and the violators went along violating unmolested by the fishery officials.

Whether the law will ever be re-instituted is a matter of conjecture. Ostensibly, the law was suspended indefinitely. Some of the weir owners are in favor of a minimum price of \$6 per hogshead. One of the canning firms is advocating a commission composed of one representative of the government, another representing the weir owners and a third, the packing interests, to have complete control over the sardine industry. A plan to issue a weekly bulletin fixing a minimum price for export during the following week has also been espoused. From the beginning, some of the weir owners expressed themselves in opposition to the law but trailed along with the majority. Taken all in all, the 1926 sardine fishing season was the most unsatisfactory experienced during the past dozen years. The demand for sardines from the United States has not been as weak during the dozen years as in 1926, this being due to decreased demand for the tinned fish throughout the U. S.

Scallop fishing in the Bay Chaleur area for 1926, was not as satisfactory as originally anticipated. A number of the fishermen started last spring to engage more extensively than in the past. A survey was made of the Restigouche waters which disclosed some promising beds, but for some reason, the results did not measure up to the expectations. That was from a general standpoint. In the vicinity of

Carleton, Robichaud & Bugould leased a promising bed from the Canadian government. This bed had been discovered during 1925.

Robichaud & Bugould began in the spring to drag for the scallops and the catches were reported as very satisfactory until the fall, when unfavorable weather created a hampering force resulting in substantial decrease in the catches. This firm is the only scallop fishing firm operating at the Carleton section, but the outlook is that several others may specialize in this type of fishing in 1926. Dragging has been completed for the winter period, but indications are that during April the operations will be resumed. It is estimated that approximately eighty per cent of the scallops caught in the Bay Chaleur region are shipped to the United States—the Boston market receiving the greater bulk of the shipments. Some of the scallop fishing interests have started canneries in which they pack the scallops for shipment to Boston, and elsewhere. Others ship the scallops in bulk.

Had it not been for the severe winds of November, shipments of the scallops to Boston for that month would have been on a par with the shipments during the summer months. That far more of the men will be engaged in fishing scallops during 1927 than in previous years in the Chaleur waters in the existing impression. The demand from Boston all through 1926, has been reported as good. The New York demand has also been satisfactory.

Topliners during the pollock run about Digby Gap were Allen and Fred Adams, father and son, residing at Bay View. The Adams' caught with handlines approximately 50,000 pounds of the pollock during the run which opened the latter part of August and continued until recently. In fact the run continued much longer than usual. The run was unusually beneficial to the fishermen operating from rowboats along the shore. Some of the men fished each day within view of their homes, being so successful there it was not necessary to move out of sight of their residences. Heading the list among the men using the rowboats were the Adams'. Their gross catch was made without overhead. That is there was no expense for gasoline. Veteran fishermen are of the opinion that the 50,000 pounds of pollock from a rowboat, within about three months constituted a record.

The Adams' had little difficulty in marketing the catch daily. Not only did they sell the fish but they disposed of 150 pails of pollock livers. Scores of fishermen made big catches in the Digby Gap area during the run. The demand for the fish and also for the pollock livers was keen. The livers were boiled down at a plant in Victoria Beach. From Victoria Beach they went to Tiverton, and thence to Massachusetts and New York, where the oil is converted into emulsions, healing oils, and other remedies.

Efforts are being made to have the Canadian department of marine and fisheries build an extension to a pier at Victoria Beach for the benefit of the fishermen, particularly those interested in scallops. At present, the importance of the scallop fishing industry has developed considerably at Victoria Beach, and also at Digby, a fleet operating out of each port. It is understood that the extension to the wharf at Victoria Beach is about assured, but the attempts to have better protection at Digby have not been favored thus far with attention. The extension at Victoria Beach will assume the form of a tee at right angles, furnishing a lee for the boats of the fleet, and also for other fishing craft. Digby Basin is a rough section of water in a storm. The Victoria Beach fishermen have been experiencing much trouble combatting the gales that have threatened to drive the boats on the rocks.

It has been advocated that a similar type of extension be built at the government wharf at Digby as an aid to the scallop fishermen, particularly. Many times, the boats have been almost swamped when the waves blow through the wharf as at present constructed. There have been occasions when it has been necessary to move the entire fleet across the rough waters of the basin in the effort to get protection from the wind. Many hours would be consumed in the endeavor to locate a lee shore.

Ephraim LeBlanc of Shediae, N. B., grew weary of finding damage inflicted on his smelt nets in Shediae Bay by seals. He took his rifle to the local wharf and killed the largest seal ever slain in Shediae Bay. Seals had been cutting into his smelt nets for weeks creating havoc in the

(Continued on Page 21)



By JOSEPH C. ALLEN.

NOVEMBER has been one of the mildest months on record hereabouts. Just a couple of chilly touches and one little breeze. Of course we have had wind enough to keep the water from getting foul and all that, but all in all she's been a grand month.

All of the gear is ashore now, the last trap came out just before Thanksgiving, and the boys are settling down to the regular program that will keep them occupied until the herring run again. That is otter-trawling, quahauging and a little scalloping and hand-lining.

The scallop catch at Edgartown was a disappointment. The boys did fine for a few days after the season opened, and the scallops were so large that it didn't take but a few to make a dozen, but they didn't last. There are still a few of the boys who are going out every day, but they can't make much more than wages and most of them will pick up the bull-rakes and go after the quohogs.

Everyone has probably heard about the "medicated fish" scare that we had close aboard of us. It seems to be all over now, but it had some of the boys badly gallied for a time.

It was off in deep water, around Pollock Rip where only our largest boats fish, and where other vessels come from a number of places to drag. Well, a bunch of them went into New York with their catches and when they took the hatchets off the holds smelled like the operating room of a hospital. "Carbolic acid!" yelled some. "Iodine," said others. But the lads from the state board of health called it rodoform and haven't found out yet where it came from. However, the boys shifted their grounds for a week or two and when they got back to Pollock Rip everything seemed to be alright so they are fishing as before.

Flounders are running pretty good all around the Island and the boys are doing first rate. There are some mighty good haddock lying close aboard of us too, and every fair day some of the lads run offshore and scoop up a jag of 'em. Handlining has just about played out. The tauthaugs hung on good on Sow and Pigs, but the last week's catch for the month was only a few hundred pounds, due partly to the fish getting scarce and partly to the doggone uncomfortable hole that the reef is, when a lad tries to lay there.

One more industry that should be mentioned, since the season begins in November, is the setting of beach pots for the silver or Neshaw eels. There are not many boys left who follow this game, but when there is anything doing at all, they make a killing and it has been a pretty fair season thus far.

These eels are all splitters and grow very large for pond eels. Old timers have told of joining two skins together at the proper point and wearing them for oil-pants, but no one living to-day will actually admit having seen anything of the sort. One lad did say, however, that he once lost an eel overboard and struck at it with a gaff, making good connections. He declared that the eel towed his skiff stern-first for two miles before he could get it into the boat!

This business will last until about Christmas or until the pond rises so high that they have to open the beach in order to prevent the houses from floating off. Martha's Vineyard is mostly high and hilly, but around the ponds it is pretty low and flat in spots.

We lost one of the best known of our pond fishermen this last month. James Look, better known as Jim, passed away at the age of 64, from a heart attack. Jim was a great seiner and eeler although he didn't follow the fishing much except in the fall and spring. His trade was boat-building and he turned out some of the best ones that were ever owned on the Vineyard, and also shipped speed boats clear to the Pacific coast. He was an old-fashioned builder and believed in using "natural bends" and things of that sort which made him popular with the boys. Hardly anyone

knew that he had any serious complaint, and his death was a great shock to all Islanders.

This same report carries the news of a wedding. One of our youngest druggers, Alton B. Tilson was spliced on the 31st of October. Alton is the nephew of Captain George Fred Tilton, whaler and explorer. He hails from Vineyard Haven. The young lady who signed articles to keep his galley fire burning bright was Miss Caroline W. Osborn of Edgartown, daughter of Walter S. Osborn, who with his father, once owned the famous whaling fleet that sailed from the port. Everyone says that the youngsters are well-matched. Both from the brood of Mother Carey's chickens and salted from the day they first saw daylight.

Last month's Atlantic Fisherman carried a crack from the Fisherman's Doctor which warrants a reply.

The steamer Ripogenus was noticed as she passed through Pollock Rip Slue, or rather as she tried to pass through. As a matter of fact she went over the shoal, according to the report of the fishermen who watched her. Their theory is that a school of mackerel got under her and lifted her. Anyway they said that she rose about six feet along her entire length and never settled for more than an hour. They claimed that her screw was so clogged with fish that it never raced a bit and that her wake looked like an exploded hash factory.

As for the speed of the quohog fleet that the doctor noticed, we are not dead sure what was going on. Some of the boys said that big "bull-noses" had them in tow and others said that they were pursuing a school of the bivalves. Our shell-fish are indeed high-pressure, as the doctor suggests, and very speedy to boot. Incidentally, it might be mentioned that they bring the best price in New York City of any "hard clams" taken on the coast. It is said that Earl Carroll served Vineyard little-necks at his bath-tub party. Speed is important with the fast set, even in the grub line.

The Nova Scotia Salt Fishery

(Continued from Page 14)

Grace D. Bochner, Tanner	800	1200	2500	4500
Beatrice L. Beck, Beck	600	500	1500	2600
Frank L. Baxter, Lohnes	750	700	2500	3950
Donald A. Creaser, Creaser	450	800	2000	3250
Clara Creaser, Creaser	700	800	2500	4000
Kathleen Creaser, Creaser	800	400	2500	3700
Irene Corkum, Deal	600	700	2700	4000
Uda R. Corkum, Corkum	900	800	2700	4400
Nina W. Corkum, Corkum	600	1250	2700	4550
Lucy Corkum, Corkum	700	1100	2700	4500
Maxwell Corkum, Corkum	850	1200	3000	5050
Nina Conrad, Conrad	500	600	2700	3800
J. E. Conrad, Corkum	650	800	2700	4150
Lucile Colp, Westhaver	600	700	2200	3500
Democracy, Zinc	600	900	2500	4000
Delewana II, Cook	600	700	2300	3600
Daisy Marguerite, Smith	650	900	2500	4050
Glacier, Zinc	700	800	2600	4100
Annie B. Gerhardt, Gerhardt	700	1200	2700	4600
Mark Grey, Creaser	700	1050	2400	4150
Haligonian, Crouse	500	2600	3100
Hamona, Oxner	650	500	2500	3650
Hermada, Oxner	700	800	2200	3700
Madalyn Hebb, Hebb	450	500	2300	3250
General Haig, Backman	900	800	2700	4400
Elsie M. Hartt, Meisner	600	1000	2500	4100
S. B. Hirtle, Heisler	700	1200	1600	3500
Mary H. Hirtle, Cleveland	700	800	2800	4300
Marjorie Hennigar, Goslin	600	2700	3300
Jennie Elizabeth, Riteey	600	650	2400	3650
Jean and Shirley, Wharton	800	700	2600	4100
W. E. Knock, Deal	900	800	2800	4500
Pauline Lohnes, Lohnes	600	400	2300	3300
Manuaga, Wamback	700	2200	2900
Mahaska, Cook	500	1000	2400	3900
Mahala, Knicke	700	900	2400	4000
Mayotte, Himmelman	1100	1450	2900	5450
Manuata, Riteey	500	500	2500	3500
Mary Pauline, Romkey	700	1000	2900	4600
Marshal Frank, Risser	750	950	2800	4500
Mona Marie, Riteey	800	900	2800	4500
Marion Elizabeth, Westhaver	1300	2600	3900
Douglas Mosher, Mosher	500	950	2700	4150

<i>Gladys Mosher</i> , Mosher	800	1150	2700	4650	<i>Silver Thread</i> , Getson	900	1550	2450
<i>C. J. Morrow</i> , Cook	1200	1100	2500	4800	<i>Lucille M. Smith</i> , Corkum	1450	2900	4350
<i>Agnes P. Myra</i> , Myra	850	700	2800	4350	<i>Clayton W. Walters</i> , Selig	1150	2300	3450
<i>Agnes P. McGlashen</i> , Sperry	600	700	2000	3300				
<i>J. H. McKay</i> , Mossman	700	1000	2800	4500				
<i>Neva Belle</i> , Wentzell	400	950	1700	3050				
<i>Progressive II</i> , Knock		1050	2700	3750				
<i>Partanna</i> , Tanner	800	600	2600	4000				
<i>Pan American</i> , Wagner		400	2400	2800				
<i>Palitanna</i> , Wentzell			2800	2800				
<i>J. H. Sinclair</i> , Crouse	700	600	2700	4000				
<i>Marie L. Spindler</i> , Spindler	800	1100	2700	4600				
<i>Frances Spindler</i> , Spindler	350	600	2300	3250				
<i>Joyce Smith</i> , Maxner	700	600	2600	3900				
<i>Margaret K. Smith</i> , Whynaeht	600	800	2500	3900				
<i>Vivian P. Smith</i> , Shankle	450	700	2100	3250				
<i>Jean M. Smith</i> , Selig	700	800	2800	4300				
<i>Frances W. Smith</i> , Massey	700	700	2200	3600				
<i>R. M. Symons</i> , Hyson	600	550	2300	3450				
<i>Lois J. Thomas</i> , Himmelman	700	1000	3000	4700				
<i>Vera P. Thornhill</i> , Thornhill		1600	3300	4900				
<i>Bertha L. Walters</i> , Conrad	600	650	2300	3550				
<i>Gilbert B. Walters</i> , Walters	700	1050	2600	4350				
<i>Pauline Winters</i> , Winters	800	700	2800	4300				
<i>Marion Belle Wolfe</i> , Harris	600	800	2700	4100				
<i>Bernice Zinck</i> , Lohnes	680	900	2600	4180				
	48,780	61,400	196,250	306,430				

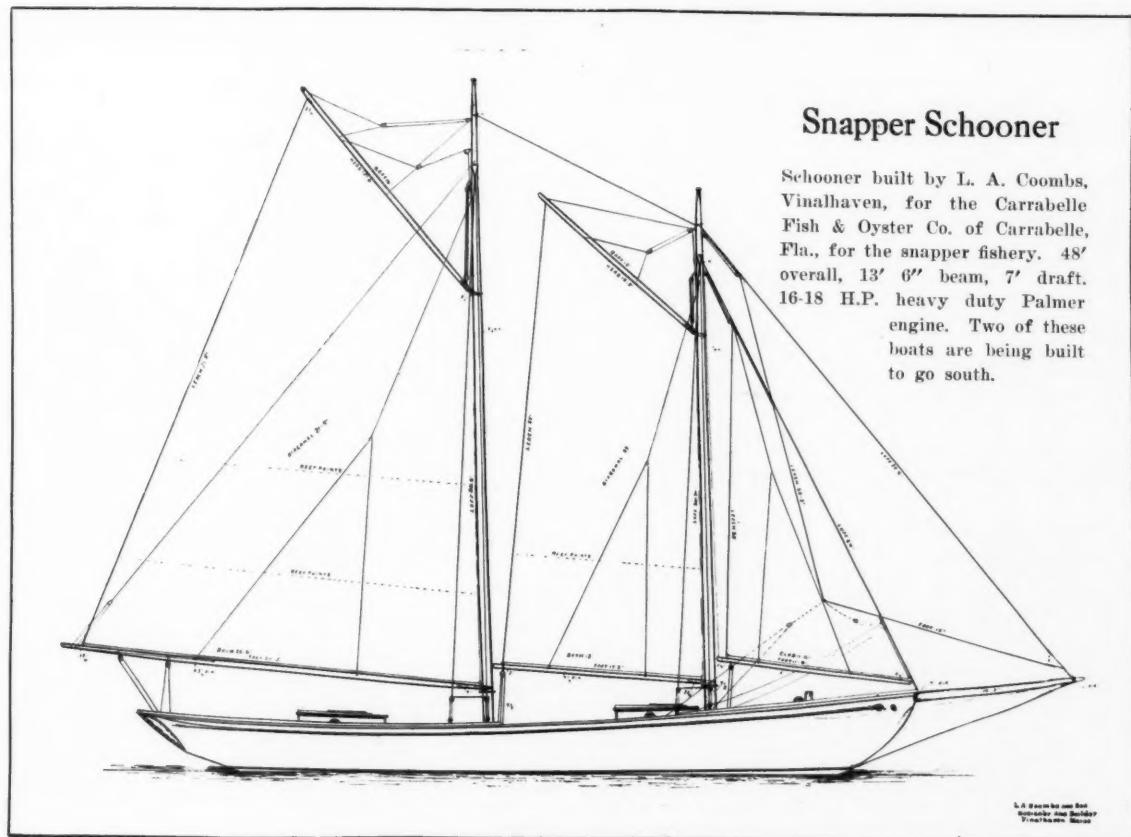
HANDLINERS.

<i>Coral Spray</i> , Wamback	1000	1500	2500
<i>Annie E. Conrad</i> , Richards	1000	1800	2800
<i>Kathleen Conrad</i> , Conrad	1600	1500	3100
<i>Galahad</i> , Colp	1500	1650	3150
<i>Golden West II</i> , Getson	900	1800	2700
<i>Sadie Knickle</i> , Corkum	700	(lost)	700
<i>Mary Ruth</i> , Conrad	1200	1500	2700
<i>J. W. Margeson</i> , Ross	1100	1600	2700
<i>Silvia Mosher</i> , Mosher	2200	(lost)	2200
<i>Edith Newhall</i> , Mosher	1700	1800	3500

LaBlanc property. The slayer had a difficult time towing the carcass to the wharf with his motor boat, and thence to the LeBlanc home in a truck. On local scales, the seal registered 820 pounds. Mr. LeBlanc boiled the seal in his yard, retaining the oil. He also has been endeavoring to dispose of the hide.

Seals have damaged the smelt nets and consumed large quantities of the smelts and herring in Shediac Bay since the middle of October. It is surmised the unusually large run of smelts and also of the herring lured the seals into the bay. A singular phase is that until about two years ago, hardly a seal would be seen in the course of a year in Shediac Bay.

John A. Howard of St. Martins, N. B., a veteran lobster fisherman, had a close call from drowning recently. He was out in his boat looking after his traps when a storm suddenly developed. The boat was practically filled with water. Capt. Howard strove to reach one of the buoys but the filled boat proved a great handicap. Fortunately, the boat did not sink although it threatened to do this several times. Making fast at the buoy, the veteran bailed for several hours before the craft was in condition to take to shore. When he arrived on the land, Howard was almost totally exhausted. And yet, considering himself very fortunate in reaching the shore alive. This fisherman has been vitally interested in lobster fishing for many years, although he has also fished the various runs when lobsters are in the off season. In the course of his lobstering, he has shipped scores of thousands of lobsters to the Boston market. He has also shipped to New York and Montreal.



News from THE Provinces

ATTENTION has been drawn to the large increases in the Nova Scotia fish catch during the past few months which promises to reach over 50,000,000 pounds and perhaps 60,000,000 million pounds greater than last year's catch. The catch for 1925 was 247,000,000 pounds and will probably go over the 300,000,000 pound mark for 1926.

Ward Fisher, Chief Fisheries Inspector for the Eastern Division of the Department of the Marine and Fisheries, stated in a recent interview, that the total landing in Nova Scotia for all varieties of fish for October, was 150 per cent greater than for the catch during October, 1925.

For the fifth consecutive month the catch has shown a gratifying increase. The total quantity of all fish landed for October was 25,547,800 pounds with a landed value of \$500,144 as compared with 10,427,200 pounds with a landed value of \$217,643 for October 1925.

The catch of mackerel in Inverness County proved disappointing, as the fish were plentiful, but would not take the bait as freely as formerly. The catch was 158,000 pounds. The markets for fresh and processed fish, with the exception of mackerel, were excellent. Large catches of mackerel taken during the season along the American coast, kept the prices down so as to make shipments, except on rare occasions, unprofitable. The Boston market for fall mackerel was as low as ten cents a pound, leaving little or nothing for the shipper, as the cost of packing, icing, transportation and duty is not less than six cents per pound.

The dried fish prices continued to give cause for uneasiness. The price of \$5.00 per quintal prevailing during the season, has not increased, and there would appear little reason to expect much, if any advance during the next few months.

In the Cape Breton County district from White Point to Glace Bay 16,000 pounds of swordfish were taken, for which the fishermen received an average price of twenty cents per pound. Squid were more numerous along the coast than for many years. Some 5,000 barrels being taken in Digby County.

The total catch of lobsters in Nova Scotia for this year was 18,132,000 pounds, valued at \$2,436,166, being an increase of nearly 1,000,000 pounds with an increase in value estimated at \$300,000. The total pack was 57,056 cases valued at \$1,775,056, an increase of 3,295 cases with an increase value of \$103,681 over last year. The pack for Prince Edward Island was 29,565 cases valued at \$876,029.

Fishermen at Prospect, Terrance Bay, Ketch Harbor were agreeably surprised during the first week of November when a large school of mackerel visited that part of the coast. The season at East Dover had been far from the best and the surprise catch that came their way more than totaled the combined receipts for the past two months. The catches varied from 1,000 down to 200 to a boat. At Sambro one boat netted 2400 fish. The mackerel were of the large fat variety. Dogfish were reported conspicuous by their absence.

Only the absence of the wind saved two of the Digby scallop fleet from destruction in the early part of November. The engine of a boat operated by Captain Arthur Casey became disabled while returning from the scallop grounds in the Bay of Fundy. The Captain rowed ashore and telephoned for assistance. The weather was thick with little wind. Another scallop boat operated by Hilyard Barnes went to Captain Casey's assistance, but on passing Beach Point at Bay View ran on the Long Bar where he had to wait until High Tide before getting clear. Captain Casey succeeded in making repairs to the engine and arrived safely back in the bay. Both boats were in a very dangerous exposed position. It is understood that an effort will be made to have the Federal Government open the Bay View Life Saving Station that has been closed for several months.

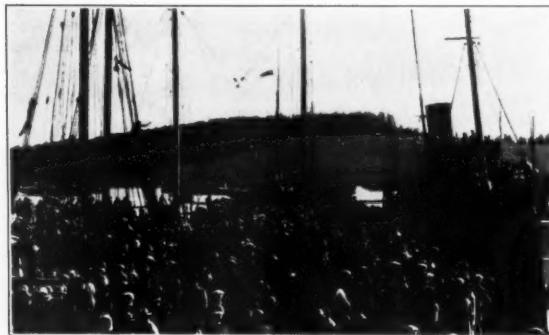
Captain James Ellis formerly a Digby skipper and owner of the Gloucester mackerel seiner *Mary T. Fallon* met with some hard luck not long ago. The crew had just made a set, when a plank came out of the seine boat, the boat sank and the fish and seine were lost. The vessel had to put back to Gloucester for another boat and seine.

Several of the Lockeport fishing vessels were at Halifax with fares during the early part of November. The *Astrid W.*, Captain Edward O'Neil had a catch of 36,000 pounds of fresh fish. The *Archie F. McKenzie*, Captain Ralph McKenzie had a good sized fare and the schooner *Jean Shirley* had a successful trip. They landed their fares at the National Fish Company's wharf.

The schooner *H. H. McIntosh*, in command of Captain Edgar McCarthy arrived at Halifax about the middle of November from the Canadian Labrador with a full load of dry fish.

Among the vessels at Lunenburg during the month of November was the fisherman *Douglas Mosher*, Captain Allen Mosher, from fresh fishing reporting a fare of 75,000 pounds of fish. Schooner *Lois J. Thomas*, Captain Thomas Himmelman arrived from fall fishing with 1500 quintals.

Another addition was added to the fleet of Nova Scotia fishing trawlers with the arrival at Halifax during the month of November of the trawler *Willoughby*, recently



Part of the gathering of 7000 people attending the Memorial Services to Lunenburg's lost fishermen on Zwickers & Co's wharf.

purchased by the Leonard Fisheries Limited, in England.

The new addition to the fleet was brought across the Atlantic by Captain J. Foster from Grimsby, England. The trip was made in sixteen days to St. John's, Nfld., where the ship put in for bunker coal. Captain Foster stated that it was the worst trip he had experienced in his forty-six years at sea. Continuous gales and head seas, with bunkers getting low, made him feel that it would be necessary to use some of the ship's fixtures for fuel before the voyage was ended. This proved unnecessary and the trawler was brought safely to the Newfoundland port without a mishap, which speaks well for the sailing qualities of the ship and those who brought her across the Atlantic.

The *Willoughby* is of a steel construction and is 138 feet long and is 127 tons registered. She will be put in commission to fish out of Halifax and other provincial ports. She will be in command of Captain Eisenhauer formerly of the Leonard Fisheries trawler *Loubryne*. It has been the second trawler which Captain Foster brought across the Atlantic this year. Several months ago he brought a trawler to Canso for the Maritime Fish Corporation.

Running on the bar at the entrance of Liverpool harbor was the misfortune of the American fishing schooner *American*, Captain Albert Williams, when the vessel attempted to leave that port while the tide was too low to afford a passage across the bar.

It was necessary to secure the aid of two gasoline boats to haul her from her dangerous position. She was later towed to Halifax where she went on the marine slip for repairs. It is understood that part of her keel was gone and the bottom badly chafed. The *American* is owned by the Frank E. Davis Company of Gloucester. She carries a crew of about 22 men. Equipped with crude oil engines she is of about 63 tons net. The vessel had put in to Liverpool for shelter and was outward bound at the time of the accident.



By THE FISHERMAN'S DOCTOR

LOBSTermen have told of poor lobstering most of the fall but lately they have been doing better, and prices have risen from around twenty-five cents a pound to forty-five and fifty cents a pound. Bait has been fairly plentiful and not high priced. Herring have been plentiful along the coast and in the frontier waters, but since the closing of the Eastport canneries there has not been much demand. Handliners and seiners have been getting more and better cod; haddock are plentiful and in better quality than they have been. Halibut are not plentiful.

Since the opening of the New Brunswick lobster season, the fishermen there have not been getting a great many lobsters, and prices are expected to keep going higher.

Clarence Howard of Eagle and Frenchboro has lost his scallopboat, *Marjorie*. The boat was forty feet long, and had been used in the scallop fishing at Rockland, Maine, and at Plymouth, Mass., and more lately had been used for carrying lobsters and freight. Having taken a cargo of lobsters from Frenchboro to the pound, Captain Howard reloaded with herring for bait for the Long Island fishermen. While running through a tide rip at night he sensed that the boat had too much water in her, and quickly she was awash. He tried to make the nearest land but the engine stopped and he had to abandon ship or go down with her. He had barely time to get into a small skiff which he had for a tender when the boat settled by the stern with a part of the bow awash. By rowing he made Gott's Island early next morning and thence was taken to Frenchboro in a motorboat where several Long Islanders offered help and going out in their motorboats failed to find the *Marjorie*. She had sunk in deep water off Mt. Desert Island and was hopelessly lost with about all he owned. All friends and fishermen sympathize with Capt. Howard in his loss.

Capt. Simmons of Beals took the sloop *Harvey A.* to Friendship recently, and returned later with the schooner *Annie Louise*, and thence sailed for Grand Manan for a trip of lobsters.

Capt. L. P. Simmons just took a cargo of lobsters to Rockland in the schooner *Damfino*.

The price of lobsters at Pleasant Point is now fifty cents a pound.

Morse and Son are now building a boat for James Benner of South Waldoboro.

About the middle of November while fishing off the New Ledge in a thick fog, drifted away from his vessel, David Conrad was lost and was unable to return to his ship, the schooner *Benjamin Thompson*, on which he was employed as a fisherman. Judging by the wind and sun, as best he could, he rowed all day and all night, and most of the night was followed by a large shark. Fearing the shark, Conrad every little while threw over some fish to distract the shark's attention, till eventually he had thrown over all his fish and the shark still followed him. After rowing for more than twenty-six hours, the middle of the next forenoon he made Damariscotta Island where he found hospitality from the lobstermen there.

The *Helen*, a steamer owned by the Penobscot Bay Canning Company and used for carrying herring has been hauled out for the winter at Castine.

The scallop fishermen near Deer Isle in Eggemoggin Reach are bringing in good catches.

The French schooner *Cherie* which was seized by enforcement officers off Swan's Island over a year ago, when she was found with 3200 cases of whiskey and six hundred barrels of rum, has just been sold at auction by United States Marshal Woodman at Winterport to William S. Nolan of Boston for \$1200. He bought the schooner on speculation. She was a vessel of 123 tons. We hear that the liquor is to be diverted to the use of Soldiers' Homes.

The scallop boat of John Carver of Owl's Head broke adrift in one of the recent gales and was drifting dangerously near the ledges when she was found by the coast patrol boat of Capt. Webster, and was brought back to port and returned to her owner.

The fishermen at Green's Island have had hard luck at fishing owing to continued bad weather and have lost much gear.

The scallopers on the Munroe Island beds are bringing in from fifteen to twenty gallons of scallops on fishing days and average about three dollars a gallon for them. There are fifteen boats in the fleet.

C. A. Morse and Son have laid the keel for another fishing boat of about eighty-five feet, for the Hathaway Machine Company of New Bedford.

Fresh mackerel have been plentiful in Rockland markets. Groundfish are plentiful and halibut are not in good supply and quality is not of the best.

Sixty thousand pounds of cod were recently shipped from Canada to the Deep Sea Fisheries of Rockland for the cutting business. The same concern also received large shipments from Bass Harbor and from Vinalhaven. The company keeps fifty men at work cutting and packing fish.

Swan's Island and Gott's Island fishermen went to the assistance of the three masted schooner *Emily S. Witham*, which went ashore on a ledge between Baker's and Cranberry Isles during a heavy storm and the ledge smashed small holes in her bottom. Local boats failing to get her off the Cutter *Mohave* was called from Portland but her efforts were unsuccessful at first, but several days later on a spring tide she got the vessel off and tied her up at a wharf at Cranberry Isle. Part of the cargo of lumber had been put afloat and rafted. The vessel is in bad condition and will have to be towed in for repairs.

Fred Closson, Alvin Walls, Edward Marshall and Edwin Webster were picked up, adrift in a sardine smack. The rudder of the smack had become unshipped and the boat was unmanagable and the sea was rough. The White Head Coast-guard station sent a boat to their assistance and the smack was towed to the South railway to be repaired.

Luckily for the sardine cannery operatives at Eastport who otherwise would be out of a job, several boneless herring plants are operating and promise to continue for some time, perhaps all winter. The herring are brought to the wharves in motor boats, then smoked and processed, and heads and tails, belly and skin and bones removed, and are then packed. The finished product is in good demand.

Many Eastport fishermen are making and setting out strings of lobster traps as the price now is an incentive, whereas before they could do better at something else.

Trawlers and handliners at Eastport and vicinity are doing well now as there are plenty of good cod, pollock, hake and haddock, and the market is better than it has been.

Along the Cobscook River and in places in Passamaquoddy Bay the scallop dredgers are finding fairly good supplies of scallops, and the market is always ready for them, at good prices.

Many of the women and girls since the canneries closed find some employment in putting this year's pack of sardines into cartons ready for shipment.

Captains Barbour and Greenlaw of Deer Isle went out deep sea fishing one short afternoon, and after a couple hours fishing came back with four hundred pounds of fine cod to cure for the winter.

Although there are no clam canning factories around Eastport some of the men are taking in a handy dollar by digging clams and retailing them to householders.

Albert Morrison and Arthur Chambers are the leaders among the scallop catchers in Passamaquoddy Bay.

This year's pack of sardines is beginning to move and frequent shipments are being made, and there is fair prospect that the pack may be cleaned out before next April.

The fishermen of the Maine Coast are well pleased to know that we are to have an icebreaker this winter to keep island and river ports open as much as possible. The *Kickapoo*, a converted Cutter is assigned to that duty and will have station at Rockland. During the recent cold wave several coal steamers and barges enroute to Bangor with coal were held up on account of the ice. The local tug *Walter Ross*, has been engaged in breaking up ice at the narrows, and today two cutters are expected at Bucksport to keep the Port of Bangor open till the coal is delivered. The icebreaker *Kickapoo*, is not yet ready to go into commission.



Cap'n Allswell says:

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(Write for propeller information.)

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COLUMBIAN *Bronze* PROPELLERS

An Answer to Capt. Conrad

P. O. Box 239
Yarmouth, N. S.

Atlantic Fisherman, Inc.,
Boston.

Dear Sir:

Please send me a copy of your November ATLANTIC FISHERMAN. I was reading one that I have seen and notice that Capt. Joe Conrad, who sailed the *Canada* in 1921 and '22 series, has a piece in from Florida in which he states that he had too much ballast, also a square-peaked mainsail. If Joe knew this the first year and knew he was going in the following year's race it was his fault in 1921 and was easy to overcome the second year. I do not see who compelled him to undergo conditions that he knew were wrong in 1921. Surely any sailing master who goes in a race one year and knows a lot of trouble would be foolish to take his vessel in the race the following year under the same conditions.

The only conditions of the *Canada* were she did not sail. She did not sail no matter what condition she was in. Joe wants to know how much loss this would account for over a 40-mile course. You may answer Joe, if he would have had a vessel that would have sailed it would have made no difference.

He also states that he notices in the papers that the *Bluenose* does her best work to windward. Joe does not want to take notice by the papers. He was sailing with her two series. He knew that. He also states he beat the *Bluenose* on a windward course 4 minutes; another time, 3 minutes. I myself was sailing on the *Bluenose* and Joe was so far behind with the *Canada* that oftentimes we wondered if he was in the race at all.

Joe wants to know what the *Bluenose* could do with the same ballast as he had in the *Canada*. I think the *Bluenose* could sail faster stern first than the *Canada* bow first. Joe also mentions he read in the paper that they are the same poor bunch of sports in Nova Scotia as always. Nova Scotians

are sports every time, but they are too sporty to allow anything to be put over on them. They are there to give their share of sport when treated fair. I might state the *Bluenose* was laying in Lunenburg at Zwicker's dock nearly a week with her sailing ballast in, all ready any day to start if Gloucester would have accepted the challenge to sail off of Portland, Boston, Marblehead, Yarmouth, Halifax or any sea race that Capt. Pine would accept. Capt. Walters will take Capt. Pine up anytime to race anywhere outside of Gloucester. He made a vow the time he raced in Gloucester that he would never go there to race again, and he has kept to it.

I don't think the *Bluenose* has got to be afraid of any fishing sailing vessel afloat for sailing quality or any other way. We think and are pretty sure that the wood is growing yet that can make a vessel to beat her.

Publish this letter in your next issue of the ATLANTIC FISHERMAN.

Yours truly,
P. E. WALTERS.

AMONG the groundfish discharged recently at the Portland Fish Company was a haddock peculiarly marked. The stripe which runs along the side instead of running straight was ragged and in the center were two marks resembling parenthesis marks. In all other respects the fish appeared to be perfect. Many haddock have been discharged at the company's plant but fishermen stated that it was the first time they had ever seen one with a broken stripe. The fish weighed about four pounds.

JAMES H. McDonald, 63, one of Maine's best known wholesale and retail fish dealers, in business on Commercial street for 35 years, died at his home in the Congress Square Hotel here after a brief illness. For six years he conducted a steamboat line in Casco Bay selling it early in 1903 to advantage. His will left public and personal bequests of more than \$90,000. Joseph M. Burns, trusted employee of the fish establishment, received a bequest of \$10,000.

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